

ACTION PACKED STORIES

CBC  
GABBY HAYES

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# GABBY HAYES

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

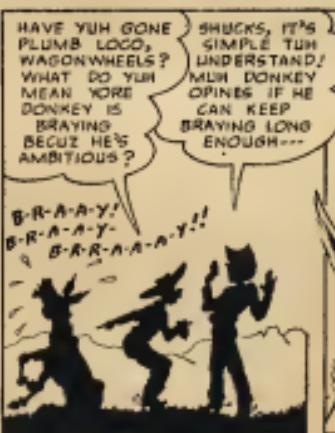
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# WAGONWHEELS



(GROAN) I'LL GO LOGO IF WAGONWHEEL'S ORNERY DONKEY DOESN'T STOP THAT CONTINUAL RACKET!



# GABBY HAYES



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*[Handwritten signature]*

# GABBY HAYES <sup>in</sup> 'DOUBLE IDENTITY!'



MEANWHILE -- MILES OUT IN THE DESERT, NEAR NEW GOLD DIGGINGS...



# GABBY HAYES

PACK IT DOWN,  
PARDNER / YUH  
GOT MORE  
COMIN'!

I'M HEADIN' RIGHT  
FOR THE BANK! THIS  
MUCH MONEY MAKES  
ME FEEL PLUMB  
NERVOUS!



GABBY WAS HAPPY AS HE HEADED FOR  
TOWN, TALKING TO CORKER, AND PLAN-  
NING ON THE LUXURIES HE'D BUY...

YES, SIR, CORKER,  
I'LL BUY A NEW  
PAIR OF BOOTS...  
WHOA, CORKER!  
WHAT'S THAT  
DOG PLAY-  
ING WITH?



DURNED IF IT ISN'T A SCALP!  
MY SCALP! SHUCKS, THAT  
CAN'T BE -- I'M STILL  
WEARIN' MY  
HAIR!



IF I HAD MORE TIME, I'D  
PUZZLE IT OUT, BUT I  
WANT TO GET TO  
TOWN FAST WITH  
ALL THIS MONEY!



GABBY,  
HAPPY  
WITH  
HIS  
NEW  
FOUND  
WEALTH,  
DIDN'T  
NOTICE  
THE  
STARES  
AND  
EXCITE-  
MENT  
THAT  
FOLLOW-  
ED  
HIM  
IN  
RAW-  
HIDE...

THERE HE IS! GABBY  
HAYES! THE MAN  
I SAW  
LEAVING  
THE  
BANK!

THE SHERIFF  
IS INSIDE!  
HE WON'T  
GET AWAY  
THIS TIME!



GABBY! D-DIDN'T  
YOU GET ENOUGH  
THIS MORNING--

I SURE DID  
AND I WANT TO  
PUT IT IN YORE  
BANK WHERE  
I KNOW IT'LL BE  
SAFE!



# GABBY HAYES

YOU FELLERS GONE  
CRAZY? I CAME  
HERE TO DEPOSIT  
THIS MONEY.  
THAT'S ALL!

MONEY YUH  
TOOK OUTA HERE  
THIS MORNING,  
GABBY! YOU'RE  
THE ONE WHO'S  
CRAZY!

IS THE  
MONEY  
ALL THERE,  
MISTER  
HAWKINS?

THERE'S FIVE THOUSAND  
TOO MUCH HERE, HAYES.  
PROBABLY HELD UP SOME  
ONE ELSE. LOCK HIM  
UP, SHERIFF!



I SAW HIM  
FROM MY  
HOUSE!  
HE'S THE  
MAN. ALL  
RIGHT!

YOU CAN TESTIFY IN COURT,  
JOHN! COME ON, GABBY,  
OVER TO THE  
JAIL!

UP  
TO  
THAT  
POINT,  
GABBY  
HAD  
BEEN  
STRUCK  
DUMB,  
BUT  
THEN  
HE  
BEGAN  
PRO-  
TESTING  
HIS  
INNO-  
CENCE...

I TELL YUH I  
WAS WITH  
LOONY LOU  
LEWIS THIS  
MORNING,  
SHERIFF!  
HE GAVE  
ME THE  
MONEY!

NO ONE WOULD  
BELIEVE  
LOONY LOU.  
GABBY! BE-  
SIDES, I SAW  
YUH LEAVIN' THE  
BANK MYSELF!



MAYBE I'M  
LOONY, TOO!  
I COULDA SWORN  
I WAS WITH  
LOONY LOU! I  
REMEMBER.  
RIDIN' IN HERE  
ON CORKER!

AND I REMEMBER  
SEEIN' CORKER  
TIED TO THE HITCHIN'  
POST OUTSIDE THE  
BANK!



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

I'VE GOT THE  
WIG -- NOW WHERE IS  
Tarnation IS  
THAT BEARD?  
HE HAD TUH  
HAVE CHIN  
WHISKERS!



I DON'T MIND THE FELLER POSIN'  
AS ME -- BUT HE COULD'VE SPENT  
MORE AN' GOTTEN SOMETHIN'  
REAL NICE LIKE MINE!  
RIGHT, CORKER?



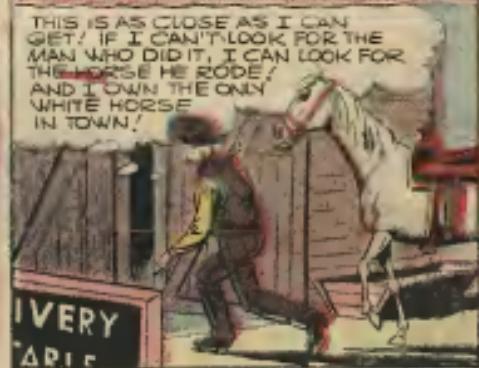
GABBY  
STUDIED  
THE  
TRACKS--  
AND  
HE  
SOON  
HAD  
THE  
BANK-  
ROBBER'S  
TRAIL  
FIGURED  
OUT...

THAT HOMBRE ROBBED THE  
BANK, RODE OUT HERE TO  
DITCH THE WIG AND FALSE  
BEARD, THEN HEADED  
STRAIGHT FOR  
TOWN!..



GABBY KNEW HE COULD SOLVE THE  
CRIME -- IF ONLY HE COULD SEARCH  
THE TOWN! BUT HE COULDN'T SHOW  
HIS FACE IN TOWN. SO...

THIS IS AS CLOSE AS I CAN  
GET! IF I CAN'T LOOK FOR THE  
MAN WHO DID IT, I CAN LOOK FOR  
THE HORSE HE RODE!  
AND I OWN THE ONLY  
WHITE HORSE  
IN TOWN!



I CAN STILL  
SMELL THE  
PAINT ON  
THIS ONE!  
WONDER WHO  
OWNS HIM?

HONEST JOHN SMITH  
OWNS HIM, HANES --  
BUT YOU'RE NOT GOIN'  
TUH STEAL HIM LIKE  
YEH DID THE MONEY!



THANKS FOR THE TIP,  
CAL! THAT'S ALL I  
WANTED TUH KNOW!  
STEP INTUH THE  
FEED BIN AND  
DON'T MAKE  
ANY NOISE!

D-DON'T  
WORRY 'BOUT  
ME, GABBY.  
W-WE ALWAYS  
BEEN PALS!



# GABBY HAYES

USING  
THE  
SAME  
PAINT  
THAT  
THE  
OWNER  
HAD  
LEFT  
IN THE  
CORNER  
OF  
THE  
STALL,  
GABBY  
WENT  
TO  
WORK...



"...BUT HONEST JOHN SAVED HIM THE TROUBLE -- FOR AT THAT MOMENT...



AFTER I GET RD  
OF THE P... MY  
HORSE IS GONE!  
THIS WHITE ONE  
MUST BE  
CORKER!

IT'S STILL THE  
SAME ONE,  
HONEST JOHN!  
WITH ANOTHER  
COAT OF PAINT!



LISTEN, HAYES. I'LL  
GIVE YOU A BREAK.  
GET ON CORKER  
AND RIDE 'EM.  
WHAT'S THAT F...

JUST A WIG AN'  
BEARD LIKE  
MINE! PUT 'EM  
ON 'FORE I GET  
RILED UP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LOOK, THERE'S GABBY HAYES, TWICE!

CALL THE  
SHERIFF!  
OR THE  
DOCTOR!  
I'M SEEIN'  
DOUBLE!



THAT ONE  
IS THE REAL  
GABBY!

NO, SIR! THE ONE ON  
THE FAR RIGHT IS  
GABBY HAYES!



# GABBY HAYES

THE SHERIFF HEARD THE COMMOTION AND CAME ON THE RUN! HE STUDIED BOTH OF THEM AND...

I KNEW YOU'D SPOT THE GENUINE ARTICLE, SHERIFF! I'LL GO SHED THIS WHO AN BEARD AN' BE RIGHT BACK!

YUH CAN'T FOOL ME, GABBY! GET OFF THAT HORSE; YOU WON'T GET AWAY AGAIN!

DON'T LET HAYES FOOL YUH; I'M ME -- HONEST JOHN SMITH!

HORN SWAGGLED! AFTER GABBY MEN!



WITH ONLY A MINUTE TO SPARE, GABBY WORKED FAST WHEN HE ARRIVED AT HONEST JOHN'S PLACE...

FOUND IT! I FIGURED THE STONE WOULD BE THE PLACE WHEN IT 'TWASN'T BURNIN'!

PUT 'EM UP, MISTER! I DON'T KNOW WHO'S GABBY HAYES ANY MORE!



BUT THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TUH FIND OUT!

YEEOOOOO! LEGGO, YUH DURNED IDJIT!



THE PAINT HE USED ON THE HORSE IS STILL IN THE STALL! YUH ALREADY TOOK MY MONEY, SO THIS HERE MUST COME FROM THE BANK!

ALL RIGHT! I RECKON I WAS WRONG, GABBY! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, HONEST JOHN!



LATER... I'M GABBY HAYES! I WANT TO PUT THIS MONEY AWAY... YEEOWWW!

WE REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION! ALL RIGHT, MR. HAYES, THE BEARD IS YOURS.



END

GABBY HAYES

# GABBY HAYES

'AND  
CORKER  
IN THE  
CIRCUS'

"ALL THE KIDS -- YOUNG AND OLD -- TURNED OUT WHEN THE CIRCUS ARRIVED IN RANHIDE! GABBY HAYES, JUST A GREYBEARDED KID AT HEART -- WAS THERE WITH THE REST OF THEM! CORKER WAS INCLINED TO BE A LITTLE ON THE SNOBISH SIDE, THOUGH..."

LOOKIT THAT BLACK HORSE DANCE TO THE MUSIC! TERRIFIC, EH, GABBY?

FAIR, I RECKON! BUT CORKER HERE COULD DO A SOFT SHOE SHUFFLE TO THAT MUSIC, EH, CORKER?

WHEEE!



6190  
THAT'S NOTHIN'! SHOW 'EM THE TRICK WE LEARNED YESTERDAY, CORKER!

QUIT RUINING MY ACT, HAY-SEED! GET THAT NAG OUTTA HERE! NO ONE CAN MAKE A FOOL OUT OF SLICK HARTE!

RECKON NOT, HARTE! YEH GOT THERE AHEAD OF THE REST OF US!



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

THE TOWN OF RAWHIDE WENT FOR THE COMING CONTEST IN A BIG WAY ...

THAT CIRCUS HORSE IS BOUND TO BEAT CORKER!

I'LL BET MY SADDLE HE WON'T! ONCE GABBY SENT CORKER FOR A PAPER AN' HE WOULDN'T TAKE THE LAST ONE CAUSE IT WAS YESTIDDY'S EDITION!

WE'LL SHOW 'EM, EH CORKER? THE SHOW'S GONNA START IN A FEW MINUTES, WE'RE ON FIRST!



THE BIG TOP WAS FILLED AND THE SHOW WAS ON! THE ANNOUNCER STEPPED FORWARD AND...



NOW SHOW THE FOLKS HOW YUH PLAY DEAD, CORKER!



CORKER HELPS ME COUNT MY MONEY, TOO! HOW MUCH IS THREE AN' THREE, CORKER?



THE CROWD LOVED IT AND CORKER SEEMED TO KNOW IT AS HE TOOK A BOW ...



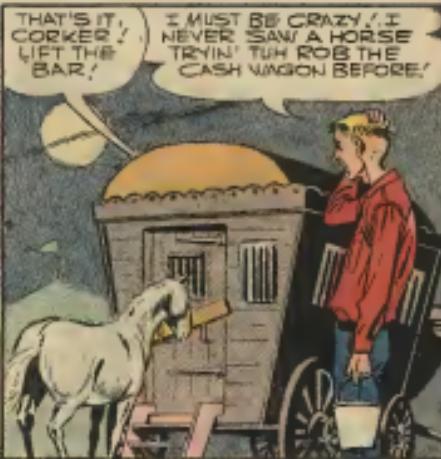
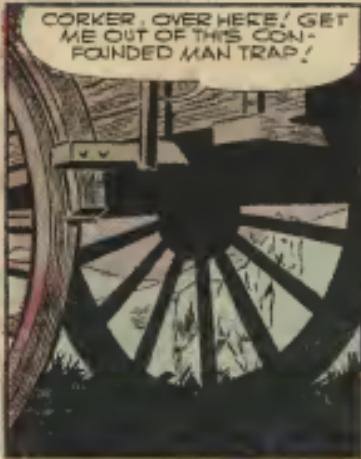
# GABBY HAYES

ANOTHER ACT  
WAS SUB-  
STITUTED  
WHILE THEY  
LOOKED  
FOR SLICK!  
HE WAS  
NOWHERE  
IN SIGHT--  
UNTIL GABBY  
HAYES GOT  
ONE OF HIS  
HUNCHES.

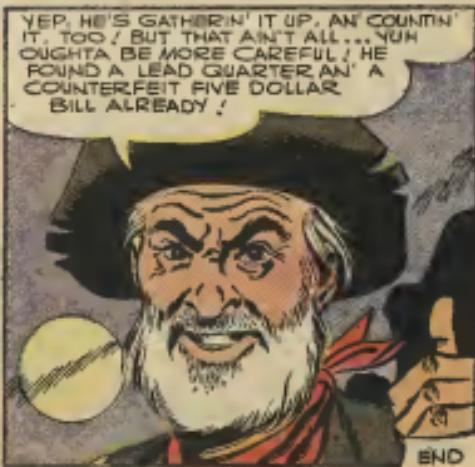
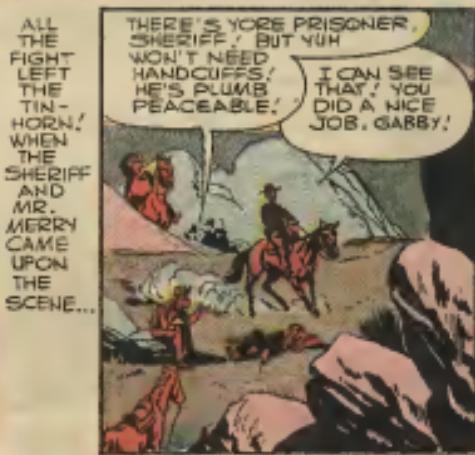


# GABBY HAYES

SLICK  
KNEW  
THAT  
MR.  
MERRY,  
THE  
OWNER,  
WON'T  
GO TO  
THE  
WAGON  
DURING  
THE  
SHOW...  
BUT  
PLANS  
LIKE  
HIS  
ALWAYS  
GO  
ASTRAY...



# GABBY HAYES



# "COLONEL ULYSSES"

For the past three weeks, the number of wagons on the south side of Independence had been increasing. On Thursday, Ben Davis and five wagons had arrived. On Friday, Jim Hartley and seven more wagons came to swell the number.

"What are we waiting for?" half protested Lou Gembers. "We should start moving before next Tuesday. I don't want to get caught in the winter storms on the plains."

"Not until we are strong enough to fight off any Indian attack do we start," reminded Hank Gibbons who had been elected captain of the wagon train. "You take orders from me and I take them from our scout, Slim Chambers."

The tall thin man who made a living crossing the plains guiding wagon trains smiled. He knew that they would have to move soon before nerves began to crack under the strain. But the smile on his face was caused by the appearance of a small wagon driven by an old man. Next to the wagon was a rider. The horse was a mustang of the prairie, a roan with a chocolate colored stripe down his backbone. He had been a buffalo horse and that meant swiftness. The guide walked slowly to where the rider had stopped. He patted the horse gently on the head. No words passed his mouth. His eyes merely showed recognition that the man for whom he had waited had arrived. Then he walked back to the captain of the wagon train. People were still giving each other advice.

"You got to take at least one extra wheel with you," said Herbert Meadows. "Suppose a wheel breaks down? What do you think you are going to do? Walk into the nearest blacksmith? And get yourself a wagon tongue. Also about thirty feet of good strong rope."

By Monday they were ready to start. Hank Gibbons had ordered a final check of the supplies.

"For every person we must have a hundred twenty-five pounds of flour, fifty pounds of cured ham, fifty pounds of smoked side bacon; thirty pounds of sugar, six pounds of ground coffee, one pound of tea, a pound and a half of cream of tartar, two pounds of soda, three pounds of salt, a bushel of dried fruit, one sixth of a bushel of beans, twenty-five pounds of rice, sixteen and a half pounds of pilot bread, and pepper, ginger, citric acid and tartaric

acid. If we are fortunate, we shall get some fresh buffalo meat. But we must carry all we need with us."

At noon the wagons started moving. The folks started to cheer as they gave vent to their pent up energy. Helen Johnson, who was with her mother and father, in their large wagon noticed the stranger.

"He seems by himself. I figure he has some supplies in that wagon which came with him. Perhaps we ought to invite him to eat with us."

"Why?" challenged the voice of Tom Daniels. Everybody knew he was "sweet" about Helen and wanted to marry her.

"Because one should always be polite and courteous," replied the smiling young lady with flowing corn colored hair. "He does seem a bit lonely."

The invitation came after the third day of travelling. Helen's father asked the stranger to eat with them and he accepted.

"My name is Ulysses," he said and from a coat pocket he pulled out a small book. "My father named me after his favorite hero. I enjoy reading about Ulysses."

After the evening meal, Tom Daniels came over to join the group. He wasn't exactly pleased by the presence of the other man. He noticed the book on a rock and picked it up.

"What kind of language is this?" he asked.

"Ancient Greek," replied the man. "I enjoy reading Ulysses in the original."

Tom Daniels laughed until his sides almost split. Then he handed back the book to the man.

"What's so funny?" demanded Helen.

"I just was thinking how handy a knowledge of Ancient Greek could be in fighting off an Indian attack," was the sarcastic reply.

The next day there was a high wind on the plains. It was impossible to light a fire for cooking food.

"We'll just have to eat our food cold," said Tom Daniels.

"We can make a fire the way the trappers do when there is a high wind," said Ulysses. "If somebody will give me a shovel, I'll show you how it is done."

Lou Gembers gave Ulysses a shovel and the man dug a hole. Then he banked earth around

# GABBY HAYES

the side. He put some chips down and lit them. Soon a fire was blazing.

"Simple, when you know how," complimented Ben Davis. But there wasn't any doubt that Tom Daniels felt angry. The incident had sort of "shown him up." And it had given a peculiar kind of respect for the stranger with the name of a greek hero.

A week later the wagon train halted on the east bank of the swift Shonsee River.

"If we go ahead a hundred miles, we can cross in safety," said the scout, Slim Chambers. "The current is swift here. Your wagons may upset. And your goods will get wet."

However the men decided to take a vote on the matter. To most of them it didn't make sense to travel a hundred miles out of the way just to avoid a risk.

"We got all kinds of risks here anyway," said Lou Gambers. "So what difference does one more or less make? I'll take my wagon across first. However, my wife and two children will remain on this side of the bank just in case anything goes wrong."

It was when the wagon was about one third across the stream that the treacherous current showed how powerful it could be. Lou Gambers wagon was pulled by six mules. They balked and turned around. The next result was an overturned wagon.

"You must help him right his wagon," said Helen to Tom Daniels.

"How?" was the one word reply and question.

"By getting our coils of rope," interrupted the voice of Ulysses. "Then attach the ends to about ten axen. They will give us enough pull to lift the wagon back into position."

It worked and Lou Gambers was a most grateful man. He realized that there would be great damage if the rest of the wagon train tried to cross at this spot. Another vote was taken and this time safety was the main consideration. The wagon train headed for the distant crossing point. When it was reached, the stream was shallow, peaceful and easy to cross. Ulysses was spending more and more time at the side of Helen. Her father spoke to her.

"I guess you like him a lot better than Tom Daniels. And so do I. But it seems to me you should know more about him. Who is he? What does he do? He certainly keeps a tight lip."

The mountain range was becoming clearer. It was early on a Tuesday morning that the

scout, Slim Chambers noticed the whirling smoke in the sky.

"Smoke signals," he informed Hank Gibbons. "The redskins know we are here."

"Then we'll fight them," replied the leader of the wagon train. "We'll show them if they want trouble."

"But who says they want trouble?" questioned Ulysses. "All that Slim has said is that the Indians know we are here. Leave them alone and they'll leave us alone."

The next day it was decided to make camp for an entire day to take care of necessary repairs to the wagons. Tom Daniels and about five other men rode out from camp. At noon they returned and told what they had done.

"Shot some buffalo," said Tom. "But we couldn't bring the meat back here."

"Then we'll have trouble with the Indians," said the scout. "They would resent the wanton shooting of their sources of food, clothing and shelter."

An hour later a large band of Indians was observed on the horizon. The wagons were formed into a circle and the live stock placed inside the circle. Suddenly Ulysses mounted his horse and rode out.

"He's running away," shouted Tom Daniels. "Just a coward."

"Shut up, you fool," warned Slim Chambers. "If you use your eyes you will notice he is riding towards the Indians."

Ulysses reached the Indians. They surrounded him. And from the wagon train came the realization that the Indians were going the other way. They vanished from sight. Helen cried bitterly.

"You let him go out there and save us. But you stay here."

"Don't worry," cheered Slim Chambers. "It is a good sign. He'll be back in a day or so. We wait here."

Two days later Ulysses rode into camp. He was accompanied by three Indians who gave gifts to Helen.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"Gift for my wife to be," was the reply. "I am Colonel John Ulysses on a mission to deliver a treaty to the Indians. Their chief is an old friend of mine. I once taught him to say something in Ancient Greek. Very proud of it too."

"Just let me be best man at the wedding," pleaded Tom Daniels. "And then I'll study Ancient Greek."

# GABBY HAYES

## BATTLES The NIGHT RIDERS



# GABBY HAYES

GABBY CALLS ON WIDDER HASG, NOT KNOWING THAT GRIZZLY GUS IS COURTING HER.

HEH! HEH! SURE WAS NICE OF YUH TO SEND ME THAT BE-OOTIFUL PIE! I RECKON YO'RE SWEET ON ME, EH?

GRRRR!

I'M AFERD YUH HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO HESTER! HEH! HEH! I CAN'T HELP IT IF WOMEN FIND ME SO DADBLAMED-- CHARMING!

I'LL TEAR YUH LIMB FROM LIMB! YUH CAN'T STEAL MY SWEETHEART!



HESTER INSISTS THAT GABBY TRACK DOWN THE MYSTERY OF THE PIE, SO OFF TO THE BAKER THEY GO.



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

NEXT DAY, THE NIGHT RIDER GANG STRIKES AT THE BAR. NOTHING, WHILE MOST OF THE PUNCHERS ARE OUT ON THE RANGE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, PLUMB GABBY! ALL THEY TOOK I RECKON WERE CANDLES AND LAMPS! THERE'S NOT TIPPI AND ME BETTER RIDE INTO WAY WAY WAYNE'S AND GET SOME CANDLES!



HUS, GABBY WALKS RIGHT INTO THE TRAP SET BY WAY WAY WAYNE, THE CANDLESTICK MAKER!

HERE, TIPPY! BUY SOME CANDY! YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN OUR--UM--BUSINESS!



AND NOW, GABBY--I DEMAND VENGEANCE FOR THE NIGHT RIDERS!

GULP!



GABBY, LET'S GET THE MEN TOGETHER!! THAT SIDEWINDER TALKED! WE'RE GETIN' THE WHOLE GANG!



CART 'EM AWAY TO JAIL, BOYS! THE NIGHT RIDERS WON'T BE RIDING FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS!

WE HAD THE WEST IN THE PALM OF OUR HAND! HOW DID ONE STUPID OLD PUNCHER BEAT US?



I STILL CAN'T FIGGER WHETHER IT'S LUCK OR BRAINS, GABBY... BUT YUM SHORE COME IN HANDY!

SHERIFF

MURRAY FOR GABBY HAYES!

ATER, BACK AT THE BAR NOTHING...

EAT HEARTY, YOU WONDERFUL MAN! THERE'S NO POISON IN THESE!

FOR ONCE I LOST MY APPETITE, HESTER!



THE END

# GABBY HAYES



"HOLDY, FOLKS... THIS HERE'S THE OLD TIMER WITH A DEATH VALLEY YARN THAT'L HAVE THE HAIR STANDIN' UP LIKE CACTUS SPINES ON YOUR HEADS! EVER HEAR OF SHERIFF MIKE GARRET? IN HIS HEY DAY, MIKE WAS THE RIP ROARIN' 1ST LAW MAN IN ALL THE WEST!"

## The OLDSTER!



540

NO, SURE...  
NODDY COULD  
COMPARE  
WITH MIKE  
WHEN HE  
WAS  
YOUNG!  
THAT STAR-  
TOSTER WAS  
SURE DEATH  
ON OWL-  
HOOFS!  
LIKE THE  
TIME A  
PASSEL  
OF ROAD  
AGENTS  
TRIED HOLDIN'  
UP THE  
STAGE NEAR  
SLUDGE  
CITY...



"GRAB AIR, DRIVER...  
AN TELL THE PASSENGERS  
TO PILE OUT!"

"THE PASSENGERS PILED OUT  
ALL RIGHT -- BUT GUESS WHO  
WAS WITH THEM..."

"SHERIFF  
GARRET!"  
YUP... I RECKONED  
YOU VARMINTS  
WOULD BE ON THE  
TRAIL TODAY...  
SO I RODE  
ALONG INSIDE."



# GABBY HAYES

AND I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST ANOTHER PASSENGER, BUT WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN EASIER FOR HIM TO COME AFTER THE ROAD AGENTS WITH A POSSE?

NOT FOR SHERIFF GARRET, MA'AM! HE LIKES TO DO EVERYTHING THE HARD WAY!

ANOTHER TIME, WHEN MIKE WAS AFTER A BADMAN WHO'D BROKEN OUT OF THE LOCK-UP...

WITH THAT MOUNT OF YOURS, YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE RUNNING HIM DOWN, SHERIFF!

NO NEED TO, WATCH...YOU'LL SEE HOW I MAKE HIM COME RUNNIN' BACK TO ME!

SO, MIKE TOOK CAREFUL AIM, AND SCORED A BULL'S EYE ON A HORNET'S NEST OVER 300 PACES AWAY...



...AND SINCE THE BADMAN WAS THE NEAREST TWO-LEGGED CRITTER FOR THOSE ANGRY HORNETS TO WORK OVER...



...THE NEXT THING EVERYBODY KNEW...

P- PLEASE... T-TAKE ME BACK TO THE LOCK-UP... WHERE THOSE HORNETS WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW...

HMPF... HAVE TO HAND IT TO SHERIFF GARRET... HE DOES THINGS THE HARD WAY... BUT HE SURE GETS 'EM DONE!



BUT THAT HAD BEEN THE WAY OF THINGS WHEN MIKE WAS YOUNG... AND IN HIS HAY DAY! NOW MIKE WAS AN OLDERSTAN' NOT SO SPRY AS HE USED TO BE...

SURE HATE TO DO THIS! HE'S BEEN A GOOD SHERIFF!

WE ALL FEEL THE SAME WAY! BUT THE SAFETY OF THE TERRITORY HAS TO COME FIRST!



# GABBY HAYES



AFTER THAT, OLD MIKE SAT ALONE IN HIS OFFICE FOR A LONG TIME. THE SUN WENT DOWN... SLEEP TIME CAME AN' WENT... BUT HE JUST KEPT SITTIN' THERE.



IT WAS PAST MIDNIGHT NOW...



SUDDEN - LIKE A PASSEL OF HORSEMEN RODE INTO TOWN...

SHHH... THE BANK'S RIGHT AT THE END OF THE STREET, AN' THERE'S NOBODY AWAKE TO STOP US FROM CLEARIN' IT OUT!



# GABBY HAYES

MIKE HAD HIS CHOICE -- TO ROUND UP A POSSE IN THE DARK... OR TO TACKLE THOSE OWLHOOFS BY HIS LONESOME! WHICH DID HE CHOOSE? & WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T NEED HELP! I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'M TWICE AS GOOD AS ANY YOUNG 'UN!



BUT THEN...

CUMBIN' UP HERE AFTER GOIN' WATHOUT SUPPER HAS (WHSP) LEFT ME TOO WEAK... I... I'M FALLING!



YOU CAN SIDE BACK FROM THE EDGE OF YOUR CHAIRS, FOLKS -- THAT SHOOTIN' WAS DONE BY ME AN' MY PAWNEE FRIEND, BIG BEAR! WE COME GALLOPIN' INTO TOWN JUST IN TIME TO DRIVE OFF THE OWLHOOTS BEFORE THEY COULD DO THE SHERIFF ANY HARM...

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE, MIKE! SURE GLAD THAT...



OLD MAN WALK OFF WITHOUT GIVING THANKS! HU... AND YOU SAY HIM YOUR FRIEND!

IT'S MIKE'S PRIDE THAT TURNS HIM AWAY FROM ME, BIG BEAR, AND THAT SAME PRIDE'S LIKELY TO GET HIM INTO MORE TROUBLE...



# GABBY HAYES

LATER... IF NOT FOR SGT. NORTON AN' HIS INJIN SIDEKICK, I'VE BEEN A GONE FOR SURE! MAYBE THIS JOB DOES CALL FOR A YOUNGER MAN! WELL, IF I HAVE TO BOW OUT...



...I'LL DO IT THE HARD WAY! I'LL TRAIL THOSE OWLHOOFS TO THEIR HIDEOUT BY MY LONESOME - AN' EITHER PULL THEM IN, OR GO DOWN TRYIN'!



WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT...



WHO SAID MY EYES AREN'T AS KEEN AS THEY USED TO BE? I CAN STILL READ TRACK AS GOOD AS ANY MAN!



HMM...OWLHOOT'S TRAIL IS FRESHENIN'! I'LL BE COMIN' UP ON THEM BY & SURPRISE ANY MINUTE...



LOOKIN' FOR SOMEBODY, SHERIFF?

WE SPOTTED YOU COMIN' OVER A HALF HOUR AGO! BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU EVER SINCE!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM, BOSS?

CAN'T LET HIM GO FREE. HE'D SPREAD THE WORD!



# GABBY HAYES

BUT THOSE OWLHOOFS  
HADN'T SPOTTED ME AND  
BIG BEAR WHO'D BEEN  
TRAILIN' THE SHERIFF! AN...

NO TIME TO ARGUE,  
BIG BEAR! WE'RE  
GOIN' TO DO  
WHAT I SAY!

YOUR PLAN  
IS HEAP  
LOC-O...IF  
WE NOT  
BLOOD  
BROTHERS.  
I TURN  
MY BACK  
ON YOU!

THEY'RE  
ALL LOOK-  
ING THE  
OTHER WAY!  
FAST! MOUNT  
UP...

...AND HOLD TIGHT  
TO THAT ROPE!



# GABBY HAYES

BUT THEN...

THEY DIDN'T SEE ME  
SQUEEZE OUT  
FROM UNDER...



LUCKY THERE WAS A FULL MOON THAT NIGHT...

THAT SHADOW! THERE'S  
A MAN BEHIND ME!



I SPURRED MY MOUNT... WHEELED FAST...



...AND...

MISSED! BUT HE'S  
COMING SQUARE  
AT ME -- I'LL...



I WAS PLUMB LUCKY AGAIN WHEN HIS  
GUN JAMMED...



# GABBY HAYES

AN' THEN I MADE SURE HE HAD NO TIME TO GET IT INTO WORKING CONDITION...



...PULLIN' IN THE WALTON GANG YEARS BACK? DON'T YOU REMEMBER USIN' THE DOUBLE-MOUNTED CIRCIN' ROPE TRICK FOR THE FIRST TIME? I WAS COPYIN' YOU TONIGHT, MIKE! WITHOUT YOUR SAVVY, I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN WHAT TO DO!

LATER...



YOU TWO DID A FINE JOB... BUT THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE YOUNG! I'M AN OLDERSTER WITH CREAKIN' BONES... GOOD FOR NOTHIN' BUT THE SLAG PILE!



SO WHAT IF YOU'RE OLD, MIKE? WHAT YOU DID IN YOUR YOUNG YEARS WILL NEVER DIE! SURE, A YOUNGER MAN'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE -- BUT IT'S YOUR SAVVY HE'LL BE USIN' TO DO THE JOB! SMUCKS, MIKE, DON'T YOU REMEMBER...



I-I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY, SERGEANT! BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE OPENED MY EYES, IT'LL BE EASY, TURNIN' IN MY STAR -- KNOWIN' THAT THE NEXT SHERIFF WILL BE AS GOOD AS HE IS... BECAUSE I BLAZED THE TRAIL FIRST!



I SEE NOW WHY YOU PULLED ROPE TRICK... INSTEAD OF TAKING BADMEN EASY WAY?



RECKONED YOU WOULD, BLACK BEAR! IT WAS THE FASTEST WAY TO GET MY OLD FRIEND'S PRIDE BACK ON ITS FEET AGAIN! NOW MIKE CAN TURN HIS BADGE IN... AN' REST EASY AFTERWARDS!

THE END

# GABBY HAYES

# Whitey Whiskers

THE FISHING  
FOOL!

(GULP) THE FISH  
ARE GIVING ME THE  
RASPBERRIES!

SPLURRR!

(SNIFF, SNIFF)  
SOMEBODY'S  
FRYING FISH!  
YUM, YUM, THAT  
SHORE SMELLS  
GOOD!

IT'S FRISCO FREDDY!  
MEBBE I CAN SOFT SOAP  
HIM INTO GIVING ME  
SOME OF THEM THAR  
DELICIOUS-SMELLING  
FISH TO EAT!

HOWDY, FRISCO, OLD PAL.  
IT'S SHORE GOOD TO SEE  
MUN BEST FRIEND AGAIN!  
YUH SHORE ARE A SIGHT  
FER SORE EYES, CHUM!  
TUH---

NEVER  
MIND THE  
BALONEY,  
WHITEY  
WHISKERS!

IF YUH OPINE I'M GOING  
TO GIVE YUH SOME OF  
THIS FISH, YO'RE JEST  
WASTING YORE  
TIME!

(GULP)

WHAT?! YUH MEAN TO  
SAY YUH WON'T SHARE  
YORE CATCH WITH A  
FELLER FISHERMAN?

HUH? YO'RE  
A FELLER  
FISHERMAN?

OF COURSE! DON'T YUH  
KNOW--I'M THE GREATEST  
FISHERMAN IN  
THE WHOLE WEST!

IS THAT SO?  
WELL, IN THAT  
CASE--

# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# SAGE- BRUSH

"AWEIGH WITH HIM!"



